

WOMAN'S CORNER

Edited by Fannie B. Ward.
 Ladies are invited to contribute *Sonnets*
 and *Short Sketches* appropriate to this
 month. Please send them to the
 Republican office, care Editor of the
 or the "Corcor."

God is Near.
 BY COL. JOHN A. JOYCE.
 God is near upon the ocean,
 God is near upon the land;
 He is near upon the mountains;
 We are only grains of sand.
 Little nites upon life's tide,
 May float, bounding out the heart;
 Dreams upon a fevered pillow,
 We awake on a withered flower;
 'Tis but for a moment we are here,
 'Tis but life never come to man,
 'Tis but a shadow on the wall,
 Chasing shadows, chasing shadows,
 Chasing pleasure, chasing greatness;
 But we learn the bitter lessons,
 That we find we find our graves.
 None can earth the wither roses,
 Tracing sunbeams on the way;
 Magic memory o'er lingers,
 None can earth the wither roses,
 Life and death are but the portals
 Of the realm of the immortal;
 God is working through his messes!
 All in some way shall be blessed!

[illegible][illegible]

Why wonder if your children die? If you want, you may make them night wanderers in the condition here the dirt would soon dry up and cease to sting, except when disturbed, and they only irritate the air-passages a little. But if you wish to make them wanderers, you are forced to keep it for the sake of plants, it is a most effective means of malaria, malarial-bad air. If you wish to close into the matter you may make a solid wall of the earth, and you wonder as to how the climate has changed as to produce malarial poison where formerly clear; why civilisation has taken up the idea of dirt and disease as a salable part of the chapter. You are the aspect of the subject, if it be true, has overlooked? Probably because men as well as others, are prone to be pleased with the house of dirt, and the eliminating, oxygen and the malarial, thus jumping to the conclusion that such growth is healthy without investigation. Thus the more important fact is left out of sight, that the more the plants grow must exude into our world more deleterious gases than it absorbs, while the amount of oxygen must be too inconsiderable to affect us. I might say that the more the plants bear all the blame of malaria is due to which baby-flesh is especially liable.

Fashion Notes.

Some of the imported evening dresses extending over the left shoulder ending in a French bow, with broad, bordered ends under the right arm, and a small bow at the waist, are a smashing idea a pretty effect, but get breaks the "line of beauty" and the contour of the "human form divine" is somewhat obscured. The more pretty and less trying to the handsome imported costume is of other

ashenware, intermingled burrahees and
dead fowls. The train of the dark red
platted at the top of the gown to
in, wide, laughline kites, the
edged with a narrow bias fold of
colored silk. Some inches above
the skirt the gown flared out
with faille, but platted in rear.
A second flounce covers the head of
and is like it but with this difference
is not so deep and the platts are
of a different color. The gown has
corsage, which, at the back only, is
a shape of a tightly-fitted corsage
lengthwise in very narrow
flounces, the gold and silver
Thus the back of this dress
from the waist to the bottom of the
flounces, gradually increasing in
in width so far as the plating is
to the top of the train, their forming
flounces. The front and sides are
and made to fit very tightly, being
the neck to the beginning of a deep
the skirt at front and sides
was the continuation of the last one
the back. The top of this former
heading, also edged with faille, and
the skirt, very tightly, is
simply finished by a deep louse. Xi
the golden-colored silk, over which
Duchesse lace cuff of the same style
Xi's arms were covered with
also covered with Duchesse lace.

Parisian milliners are powdering
plumes with gold, and the feathers
very beautiful, like the softly brilliant
of the sun.

Golden cloth has been inaugurated
already been worn by one of the most
women in Paris.

Not Lost for Aye.

O beloved voice, upon which
Our passionately call, because ere long
Thou wilt be in the midst of that song
Ye sang together so truly to earth
And to the angels of the spheres of joy,
The heart out of things, it is
Knowing ye are not lost, for ye among
The world with last's thrush.

Nichols

In heaven to hold our souls; and albeit
We cannot see thee, yet we know
That our close kinship should impart thee
I know we shall behold them raised
To dwell with thee, and with the
New Menions singing in the great God

A Kazan young man was not satis-
his youthful bride's" cooking, and
turned her to her parents. A bad
to gain away.